

Thrifty women cannot afford to miss this Great Slaughter Sale. This is an opportunity to dress well and smart at the least cost. We invite inspection

GREAT SLAUGHTER SALE

of Ladies' High Class Suits, Coats, Waists, Skirts and Undergarments

now in progress at overlooked by eco

JALOFF'S STORE

is an event not to be nomical shoppers.

This season's best and most authoritative styles. Garments intended for the best dressers now offered at a mere fraction of their value. Don't miss this chance.

The throngs of customers who purchased yesterday will endorse our statement that such values were never before offered in Astoria or in any other town. Remember these garments are of the highest character relative to style, snap, quality, patterns and workmanship. They were made for a leading Cloak and suit house in San Francisco, Cal., but owing to the unfavorable weather San Francisco has suffered this season these beautiful and attractive garments must be sold within the next eight days at a mere fraction of their values. This **Great Slaughter Sale** will last until **Saturday, Aug. 3d.** Take advantage of its offers



Silk and woolen Jumper suits, elaborately trimmed and beautifully designed. This season's favorite styles, very attractive models, sold at \$18.00 to \$50.00. During this sale..... \$8.50 to \$20

Shirt Waist Suits, beautiful models for the present and for early Fall; swagger creations of artistic designing, made and trimmed in compliance with all dictates of Dame Fashion, sold at from \$20.00 to \$50.00. During this Slaughter sale only..... \$9.00 to \$22

Panama and Voile Suits, good for present and early Fall use, pretty styles and designs, made and trimmed in a manner that makes them breathe taste and refinement, sold at from \$24.00 to \$60.00. During this sale only..... \$9.50 to \$28

Heatherbloom petticoats, exact imitation of silk, with deep flounce, tucks and dust ruffle. During this sale, choice..... 90c



Silk Coats, three quarter and full length, circular and straight, long sleeves, fancy buttons, in natural pongee colors and black and white, sold from \$7.00 to \$45.00. During this sale only..... \$3.00 to \$19.00

Muslin gowns, slipover style with short sleeves and high neck and long sleeves, lace and embroidery trimmed. During this sale..... 90c

Skirts in all the newest materials and shapes, tastefully trimmed and finished, pretty designs, truly beautiful, sold at from \$5.00 to \$18.00. During this slaughter sale..... \$2.00 to \$7.50

Waists in Silk lingerie, mull and lawns, pretty shades and designs, artistically trimmed and finished, correct models of this season's most authoritative styles, sold at from \$2.00 to \$15.00. During this sale..... 75c to \$6.00

Wash belts, embroidered, tucks, pearl and metal buckles, sold from 50c to 75c. During this sale..... 10c

No economically inclined woman, desiring to wear the Best, the Newest and the Swellest at the least cost, can afford to miss this

GREAT SLAUGHTER SALE NOW GOING ON AT

JALOFFS' STORE

Store Opens at 9 a. m., closes at 12 (noon), Opens at 1.30 p. m.,

120 Eleventh St. ASTORIA, ORE.

THE ANGEL OF THE RED CROSS

Clara Barton Ranks With the Greatest Heroines the World Has Ever Known and History a Half Century From Now Will Record Her Noble Work.

A thoughtful man said recently that the familiar old motto "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country" should be provided with a companion piece in these days—"A hero is not with out glory save to the next generation." The man or woman who has performed some great service for the world gets his or her proper meed of praise and acclaim while those great deeds are still fresh and warm, and gains a lasting and even greater fame when history has put them upon its pedestal; but there is a sorry interval to the aged great who have outlived their own generation and linger on after their splendid achievements have cooled.

Not long ago a small boy who was visiting Washington with his father, was taken out to historic old Cabin John Bridge, and from the trolley car the house where Clara Barton is living was pointed out to him. The boy's eyes widened.

"Clara Barton!" he ejaculated. "Why, we're studying about her in our history now. Is she living yet, father? Gee! I thought she died away back in war times."

It is beautiful that those who have devoted their lives to their country with the tirelessness and consecration that Clara Barton displayed, should be able to spend the sunset of their lives in quietly resting from their labors and in looking back upon lives filled with usefulness and fame; but it is a little pathetic, too, that they should slip so utterly from the sight of the world that once resounded with their names, and be allowed to sink back into obscurity.

Ranks With The Greatest Heroines. Thirty years ago and even later, the name and the fame of Clara Barton were spread through two continents. She ranks to-day with the greatest heroines

the world has ever known, and history a half century from now will glow with accounts of her noble work. Yet she lives just out of Washington in a retirement that is almost isolation, surrounded by only a few faithful friends, who have spent their lives in her service, and nearly forgotten by the heedless generation that follows her. Now and then some old and staunch friend of Miss Barton makes the long trip out from town to the big yellow house at Glen Echo, occasional sightseers and curious strangers invade her solitude, and from time to time she makes a short trip into the city herself; but for the most part she spends long sunny days in the silent house overlooking the Potomac.

This house, a roomy one built for a hospital for sufferers in the Johnstown flood and afterward given to Miss Barton and moved by her to Glen Echo, is a rather dreary place in winter, although it is delightfully cool in summer. A trip down the wide hallway running through the center of this house, on a bleak winter's day, is enough to chill the marrow of one's bones, but the long walk ends in a warm, sleepy sitting room which is inviting in its comfort. Old-fashioned cushioned rocking chairs, a lounge with bright-colored Afghans upon it, and a great waterfall of Wandering Jew in the window all breathe of the quaint homeliness of a quarter century ago. Miss Barton fits into it like a picture into its frame, and a chat with her there, is the sort of experience that finds one coming away smiling a little.

Mentally Keen At Eighty.

The winter months, when the Virginia hills opposite her study windows are forlornly bare, Miss Barton spends writing and reading. In spite of her eighty-odd years, she is mentally keen and interested in all the events of the day, and she keeps up with current affairs to an amazing degree. Now and then articles from her pen are sought by various publications, and it is hinted, too, that she is busily preparing a volume of recollections, which shall perhaps be somewhat in the nature of an autobiography. Miss Barton has for years been urged to write such a book, and since her connection with all public affairs was severed, some two or three years ago, she has been giving more and more time and attention to her personal writings.

Her habits while thus at work are

curiously erratic. She is up early in the morning, and often by daybreak the scratch of her pen may be heard in her study. During the day she often takes little naps, resuming her writing with fresh vim, and frequently she will lie down from 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening until 10 or 11, rising then to go vigorously to work and write busily until 1 or 2 o'clock in the morning. One of her most faithful companions states that frequently, when she has had some difficult piece of writing to be done, she would go to the kitchen and work energetically with her hands, at canning or ironing or some domestic task—all the while revolving her subject and its arrangement in her thoughts. Then suddenly she would go to her room, take up her pen and write her article with scarce the change of a word. She insisted that her thoughts came much more clearly and smoothly when her hands were occupied.

Goes North For Summer.

During the summer months Miss Barton generally goes to her old home, the little town of Oxford, Mass., where she was born and where her remaining relatives live. She is dearly loved and revered there, and is usually the patron saint of the young men and maids of the graduating classes. She has an un-failing interest in young people, and enters into their ambitions and troubles with real sympathy. Another of her great pleasures is the annual reunion of the G. A. R., where she is always a beloved and honored figure. The old "boys" have never forgotten the heroism and courage with which she went among them, helping to save their lives, and here at least there goes out to her a gratitude which never forgets nor takes for granted the great work she has accomplished.

During the last summer or two, Miss Barton's secluded home at Glen Echo has been invaded by an amusement park, the adjacent grounds of a defunct Chautauqua having been metamorphosed into an electric-lighted whirl of hurdy-gurdies, scenic railways, and loop-the-loops. Indeed, as the ground upon which Miss Barton's house stands is owned by the corporation managing the park, a stretch of the mimic railway actually crosses her lawn. It is evidence of the remarkable equanimity of this aged but serene woman that the din and aspect of this place disturbs her not at all. She proceeds calmly with her quiet

life indoors, and walks now and then in her garden; intent upon the flowers and vegetables there and apparently oblivious to the stir of modern life which buzzes at her very doorstep.

"I shall be away from it most of the summer, and I dare say the young folks are very happy there," she says gently.

A Legion Of Loyal Friends. Miss Barton's comfort in other ways is carefully watched over and guarded by a number of loyal friends who have for many years devoted themselves to her. Her most faithful friend and assistant is Dr. J. B. Hubbell, who has for many years acted as her secretary and assistant. Dr. Hubbell has given his life to helping Miss Barton and her cause, having been with her during the relief expeditions in Russia and Armenia, and later in Cuba and at Galveston, the latter disaster having been the scene of Miss Barton's last active relief work. Dr. Hubbell, in attending to many routine matters, business affairs, and traveling arrangements, spends his entire time in freeing her from the cares which would fall heavily upon her in her advanced years.

In appearance Miss Barton is interesting chiefly because her hair, which is very heavy, is as glossy dark as it must have been sixty years ago. With the exception of a very few white threads just above her ears, she shows no sign of the silvered hair of age. Her face is heavily creased, though it shows few of the smaller wrinkles common to eighty-year-old cheeks. Her eyes are very deep and kindly, but they are blurred a little, and her shoulders are quite bent. Her voice is exceedingly low, and is not always quite clear, but she expresses herself with such keenness, and quiet, humorous insight, that one realizes at once that her mind and heart are not old. She dresses with a kind of careless grace and individuality, the gowns which evidently date back for many a year being worn with an air of refinement which some way make them seem to belong not only to her, but to the present time as well.

Remarkable Collection Of Medals. Clara Barton has probably one of the most remarkable collection of medals, emblems, and insignia in existence. They have been presented to her by nearly every country on the globe—Germany, Baden, Austria, Serbia, Turkey, Armenia, Switzerland, Spain, Russia, and America. They are thickly set with rare jewels, and many of them bear inscriptions

which are memorable in the honor they bestow upon her. Among these insignia is the Iron Cross of Germany, an emblem originated by the old Emperor Frederick, to be given only for deeds of great personal bravery. It is the highest honor Germany can bestow. A rare jewel which Miss Barton wears always upon her person is a pansy cut from a single amethyst, presented to her by the Grand Duchess of Baden in memory of their life-long friendship. No matter how simple Miss Barton's attire, this beautiful gem, which is hung at her throat, gives her always an air of distinction.

The Clara Barton of yesterday was a woman who lived upon battlefields and in hospitals, at scenes of horror and bloodshed, sleeping often upon the ground and suffering privations and hardships which few women have ever undergone. The Clara Barton of today is a gentle bent woman, living out her life in the peace which she always longed for when war reigned supreme, and resting after her long years of arduous work.

AMALGAMATION OF VAUDEVILLE.

Managers Present At Paris Conference Leading Booking Agents Of Country.

NEW YORK, July 25.—A dispatch to the Times from London states that Mr. Meyerfeld of San Francisco, one of the largest vaudeville managers of the West, has arrived there from Paris, where he attended a series of meetings of American and European managers in connection with the formation of an international vaudeville trust.

"I believe that a great international amalgamation of vaudeville interests is now practically assured," Mr. Meyerfeld said in speaking of the project. Mr. Meyerfeld said that the managers present at the Paris conference included Percy Williams, Martin Beck, M. Ruez, the leading vaudeville manager of Paris, and two other continental booking agents. The American theatres, which will come into the combination which will be known as the International Booking Syndicate, will include all those under the control of Beck's Orpheum circuit, Percy Williams' syndicate of eastern vaudeville, and the Keith and Procter circuit.

Take the Postmaster's Word For It. Mr. F. M. Hamilton, postmaster at Cherryvale, Ind., keeps also a stock of general merchandise and patent medicines. He says: "Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is standard here in its line. It never fails to give satisfaction and we could hardly afford to be without it." For sale by Frank Hart and leading druggists.

SHORT TALKS BY L. T. COOPER.

BACKACHE.

I can sympathize with a sufferer from this awful symptom of weak kidneys.

That soreness and pain in the small of the back tells too plainly of serious trouble behind it. It's not a hot water bottle or a plaster you need. That won't cure diseased kidneys. It may relieve you for a time it's true but why mask the real cause and allow the trouble to grow? Weak kidneys can be cured but Bright's disease, which always follows neglect of them, cannot. Go and get a bottle of Cooper's New Discovery and Cooper's Quick Relief and use them faithfully. Your backache will disappear because your kidney trouble is corrected—not for a day but for good. When your kidneys are in "ship-shape" there will be nothing more to cause it.

Here's a letter from a man who suffered for years in this way and took my advice: "I have been in such bad health for some years that I finally had to give up work. I suffered from kidney trouble. My back was so sore and lame that I could scarcely get up and down. My stomach was also out of order and my nervous system broken down. I have been using the Cooper medicines for one week and actually feel like a new man. My food digests perfectly. The soreness and pain has entirely gone from my back and my kidneys are in fine shape. The medicine has strengthened me wonderfully and I cheerfully give you this testimonial for publication." Mr. F. Leonard, 49 School St., Allegheny, Pa.

We have heard a number of favorable comments on the Cooper preparations from people who have purchased them from us.

Charles Rogers